

The Critic

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A New Norwegian Novelist.

To my mind, there have appeared no novels in Norwegian literature which in artistic finish equal those of Alexander Kielland. The first collection of novelettes, published in 1879, was a mere *jeu d'esprit*, although two of the sketches, 'Balstening' and 'En Middag,' struck distinctly the note which has vibrated through the author's later and more comprehensive works. The wit was there, too, and it was this which made the sudden success of the book; for wit is a very rare gift, and in Norway rarer than in any other country except Germany. People were content to laugh, and to disregard the vague warning which the book contained. But the second work, the novel, 'Garman and Worse' (1880), struck the same note again, and with increased force; and the guardians of the Norse throne and altar became indignant, and some of them, perhaps, a little alarmed. The picture given in this book of the Lutheran clergy is so striking, so convincing, and so exquisitely finished that it is hardly to be wondered at that it excited indignation among those who had thus involuntarily sat for their portraits. Especially admirable is the scene in which the dignified and venerable Dean Sparre smothers in moral elder-down the conscience of the young candidate who is desirous of reforming the abuses of the church. The best cure for a trouble-some radical is to identify him closely with the establishment, give him a parsonage, put him in the way of getting a nice wife and a blooming family; his reforming zeal will then go the way of other youthful follies. Tell him that you yourself in your unregenerate days had similar attacks, and assure him with a paternal smile that you consider that kind of thing a youthful disease which men outgrow. Something like this is the Norwegian method of dealing with radicalism, and it is said to be very effective. But the Norwegian clergy by their persistent obscurantism, hatred of the nineteenth century, and unsympathetic attitude toward the political struggles of the people, have lost the greater part of their former influence and are fast losing the little they still have. Their fire- and burglar-proof craniums, filled with Old Testament and monarchical lore, have hitherto successfully resisted the great ideas of the century. In the meanwhile, the people, who have been less successful in this respect, are drifting slowly with the current of the age, and the distance between them and their spiritual teachers is constantly becoming greater. Unless the clergy heed the warning of those whom, like Kielland, they regard as their enemies, the time cannot be far off when their voices will no longer reach across the distance.

The central theme in the novel 'Garman and Worse' is not, however, the description of clerical but of commercial affairs. It is again the struggle between the old tradition and the spirit of the time that chiefly engages the author's attention, although he never preaches in *propria persona*, preferring to let the action and the logic of events preach for him. He is, in fact, so conscientious an artist that he never, like Thackeray and George Eliot, plays chorus to his own drama, rarely admits a single comment not included within the frame of the action. The mercantile magnates on the western coast of Norway, who, moving within their narrow little world and knowing little of the world outside, develop strong typical traits, are characterized with a precision which only intimate knowledge could afford. Mr. Kielland himself has sprung

from one of these great commercial families, and one cannot help suspecting that he must have made his studies for the characters of Consul Garman and his brother among the surroundings of his childhood. The bureaucratic world, with its small intrigues, its punctilious formality, and its purblind conservatism, is also illustrated in 'Garman and Worse' by some vividly conceived types; and the book, as a whole, gives a picture of life on the western coast of Norway such as can nowhere else be obtained. Björnson may be said to have discovered the Norse peasant, in his poetic aspect; Jonas Lie has made the pilot and the sailor his exclusive property; but no one before Kielland had drawn the typical physiognomies of the government official and the *bourgeois*. More or less successful attempts had, of course, been made; but as an idea, if ever so old, belongs to him who has found the happiest utterance for it, so a literary type belongs to him who has drawn it most completely.

Of Mr. Kielland's second novel 'Arbeidsfolk' (Working People), it is difficult to speak except in hyperbolical terms. It will either be extravagantly praised or extravagantly condemned. It is a novel with a strong tendency, and those who disapprove of the tendency will, naturally enough, also disapprove of the book. It is ferocious, at times, in its realism; and it deals with some 'forbidden' topics; but it is not, for all that, in the least coarse. At a meeting of schoolmasters and other good people in Norway, some months ago, it was put on the *index expurgatorius* as being destructive of faith and social order. And yet, after having read the book twice, carefully, I have been unable to detect in it the slightest disrespect for religion *per se*, still less anything destructive of social order. If, however, social order is not conceivable except under an unpopular and reactionary monarchical government, then I can well understand how 'Working People' should be looked upon as a revolutionary manifesto. It was once the fashion in Norway to talk nonsense about 'the exalted person of our beloved monarch,' and to take it for granted that God is on the side of the present hateful and oppressive *régime*. Any protest against the abuses of power, of which the King and his ministers are constantly guilty, thus becomes rebellion against God; for does not the Bible say that there is no magistrate which is not of God? There was a time when this style of argument seemed incontrovertible to the Norse peasant; when he allowed himself to be checkmated by a quotation from the Bible (torn from its context), and accepted its verdict with Christian resignation. But the clergy, by the constant use of this weapon in the political conflict, have blunted its edge. The women, in Norway, do yet keep silence in meeting, because St. Paul said they should; but the men have, by the help of Björnson and Sverdrup, come to the conclusion that God is not a Bernadottist, or even necessarily a monarchist. There are even a few who have the courage to believe that a republican may be a good Christian, and that now and then even an American may slip in through the straight and narrow gate. But, of course, such accidents are rare.

It is the rotteness of this miserably reactionary and pseudopious *régime* which Mr. Kielland ruthlessly exposes. The consistent policy of the government in setting a prize upon submissive mediocrity, and its suspicious attitude toward anything like talent and originality, are shown up with especially forcible illustrations. Only it is all so neatly, so politely done, that the objects of the satire, while feeling vaguely uncomfortable, have scarcely any pretext for being openly offended. There is not a single statement which can be proved to be untrue; and the colors are so moderately used that even the charge of exaggeration would appear absurd. Mr. Kielland does not, like his ancestors in the Saga times, wage war with a club; but, like an Italian of the Renaissance, with a jewelled stiletto. The last resort of the wounded dignitaries is therefore to cry 'Wolf!'—i.e., infidel, atheist, enemy of the monarchical God and the Christian religion. It is so much easier to call one's censor a vagabond than to reform one's habits.

In Mr. Kielland's third novel, 'Elsa' (Copenhagen: 1881), which he styles 'a Christmas tale,' he deals with the responsibility of society for its outcasts. This story, which, in point of execution, is a veritable little masterpiece, reminds one remotely of Dickens's Christmas tales (notably 'A Christmas Carol' and 'The Cricket on the Hearth'), with the sentimental and the fantastic element left out. That pharisaical charity whose benevolence has always some ulterior purpose, which organizes societies with presidents and secretaries and fine Russia-leather ledgers, but refuses help to a miserable woman because the by-laws limit its

activity to the 'fallen women of St. Peter's parish,'—how well we know it in America as well as in Norway! It is so soothing to the vaguely-troubled conscience on a holy Christmas eve to know that we have contributed our share to this or that 'Shepherd's Fold' which is conducted by an estimable clergyman of our own church, and where the poor and needy are fed, body and soul, and filled with Christmas cheer. Where the responsibility belongs for such a character as Elsa, surnamed 'the Flea,' is made very evident in this tale; and the conclusion is irresistible that we are all responsible for her. In Mr. Cable's charming novelette, 'Madame Delphine,' the little Père Jerome preaches a sermon, which has a forcible application here, on the text: 'I stood by and consented'; and we are made to understand how, by our silence or our lack of courage to disapprove, we are all made partakers in one another's sins. The crying injustice of 'the Flea's' fate, as compared with that of her destroyer, is a thing which we daily witness and pass by callously and without wonder. The glaring contrast between the lives of the respectable and the disreputable, and the former's demoralizing effect upon the latter, are demonstrated in this tale with a convincing clearness and vigor which would be startling to those who have not thought the subject worth considering.

Mr. Kielland is yet a young man, having been born in Stavanger, a town on the western coast of Norway, in 1848. He had a thorough education, entered the University of Christiania in 1867, and was distinguished, even in his student-days, for his wit, eloquence, and good looks. Since then he has traveled much, explored Parisian life pretty thoroughly, and, as the phrase is, 'seen the world.' After his marriage his father presented him with a tile factory, which he worked for several years, but sold recently, for the purpose of devoting himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He is now living in Copenhagen with his family, surrounded by artists and men-of-letters, and from this vantage ground observing with keen interest the political battle which is being waged between King Oscar II. and the bureaucracy on one side, and the parliament and people of Norway on the other. He is evidently destined for a brilliant and useful career, for the world, both at home and abroad, has been prompt in recognizing his talent, and translations of his books have already appeared in Dutch and in German. There can be no doubt that he will also, before long, conquer the English-speaking public.

H. H. BOYESEN.

Literature

Freeman's William Rufus.*

ONE's first thought, on taking up two such volumes as these, is of the richness of English history; the second, of how entertaining history may be made, without ceasing to be instructive, by judicious biography.—The reign of William Rufus lasted thirteen years, within a month. His life is not without interest before his father's death, as Mr. Freeman has shown in a previous work—'The Norman Conquest.' But not till he became king of the English, by his father's nomination, do we get at the real character of the man. It was a character worthy of study; and, among his other qualities, Rufus was the State. Other Norman barons there were besides the Norman King, but they were his barons; such as he was, for the most part they were; his will was their will, his manners were their manners, his vices were their vices; such few virtues as he had, if in truth it can be said that he had any, were theirs also. They were, in law, his 'men,' and in most other ways, morally and intellectually, they were still more his 'men' than by the law. A divided allegiance, it is true, between him and his brother, Duke Robert of Burgundy, sometimes distracted the Norman nobles; but it was for a brief season only; few could withstand the gold of Rufus, if they could his steel. Thus in a faithful biography of him we may learn about all there is to be learned of the England and the Burgundy of his time. And that this is a faithful biography hardly needs to be said. Whatever other faults Mr. Freeman may be accused of, want of thoroughness is not one of them. For many readers he is sometimes too thorough; his learning is so wide and deep that there are persons perhaps who wish that he would be a little less exhaustive, and leave them the privilege of taking something for granted. But even these persons will find no fault with the story of the Red King. We read of the men and women here as we

read of them in a clever fiction of the modern school—not so much for what they do as for what they are. Not that what they do and their motive for doing it are ever omitted; but the actors stand out so distinctly, their peculiarities are brought out so clearly, by act, or speech, or both, that the reader has before him, always, vivid pictures of actual persons and of the character of the time in which they lived. In all that Rufus does—in all indeed that anybody does, whether it be the haughty King who demanded that all men should honor him almost as they honored God, but who himself defied God because it frenzied him to remember that God was greater than he; whose favorite oath, as peculiarly fitting royal lips, was 'by the face of Lucca!—the face of Christ miraculously impressed upon the napkin thrown over it as he was taken from the cross—or whether it be Anselm the Archbishop, wise, good, humble, gentle, and yet haughtier, firmer, and more defiant in his Master's service than even the King himself;—in all that is done, whether by king or prelate, duke, knight, or churl, the man himself is always before us as though he were a living man to whose words we listen and whose deeds we see. We are witnesses to the making of history; we are present at the building of the temple—not merely spectators of the temple when finished, conjecturing how and why it was done, and guessing at the lives and characters of the men who did it. It is the sustained interest in the characters of his drama as men and women that is the first charm of Mr. Freeman's volumes; the second is the charm of his style, so purely Saxon that it might almost be a contemporary chronicle.

"The Vision of Esther."*

THE scene of this highly dramatic poem is near Babylon, the time at first modern, but with the appearance of the shade of Queen Esther it is set back to a remote antiquity. The Persian reformers Ali Mohammed and Gourredd-ou-Ayn, are on their way to meet the ghost of Nimrod. Three other persons are with them. After various discourse, the five, being in some danger, take refuge in the ruins of the palace of Esther, the queen of Nimrod. There suddenly a gate opens in the side of a large mound, and in a hall well-lighted and warm, wrapped in odors that appeal to all the senses, is discovered the form of the queen, tricked out into something like her ancient beauty.

Along her crow's-wing hair
A red-gold pair
Of serpents lay in garlands, and the arches
Of sandalled feet were bright with gems accurst—
Gems for which slaves had perished on long marches
By day and night across the Land of Thirst.

Once in a hundred years she is permitted to see the light, and to tell her story. Now she forces the five to listen while she unfolds the history of her fall—her early maiden beauty and pureness, her love for the King's prime-minister, Ahram, the intrigues in the palace and the revolts in the city when Nimrod is absent. Three times she tempts Ahram to usurp the throne, and take her as Queen. But Ahram, who represents the lofty virtues of the good counsellor and great general, with something of the vision of prophecy, is steadfast in his allegiance to the King. The Queen in despair twice turns against him, but is drawn back by a passionate, sensuous longing. Anne, the Vestal, whose dark skin prefigures Africa, and whose simple faith and purity inspire in the mind of the upright Ahram a high reverence, incurs thereby the jealous displeasure of the Queen, and is once nearly destroyed in consequence. Belshamas, the King's son, rebels, in his father's absence, and is for a time in possession of half the city. Pressed to the wall by Ahram, he half wins over the Queen, who in a fit of jealousy and despair entraps Ahram; but the latter escapes, and she again returns to her duties as Queen. The King returns, for the second time made insane. His chief eunuch plots against him; the priests take sides, and there are wars without and within. But Babylon is doomed. The King is mad, the Queen unfaithful, dissension spreading, when Ahram, seeing the futility of further effort, withdraws with his following, and marches over the Arabian desert to the coast of Phoenicia, where he has purchased ships, and proposes to embark for the shores of the Hesperides. Nimrod, still mad, is carried in pursuit; and Esther, angry and fond by turns, leads the forces of Babylon on to the catastrophe.

This is the substance of the story, but the relation is inwoven with many episodes, religious feuds, and priestly wrangles. The whole is told with much dramatic energy, and holds the attention well throughout. There are in it scenes of great vigor and almost lurid fire, while many bits of description are brilliant in effect. The tale aims to be allegorical, but the dramatic interest soon burns away what allegory there is, and we find at the end no very definite results in that direction. If it were not set down in the Preface, we should at

* *The Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry the First.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., etc. 2 vols. \$9. London and New York: Macmillan.

* *The Vision of Esther.* By Charles de Kay. \$1.50. New York: Appleton.

the most discover only the march of the Aryan people across the Plateau of Iran, their rest in Babylon, and their more vigorous onward movement after a fruitless attempt to revivify the worn-out capital of the East. The whole interest centres in the beautiful Queen, madened by love, and in her futile efforts to entangle the faithful, high-minded Prime-Minister.

While the work shows abundant evidence of a real and powerful imagination, the latter is untrained, uncurbed. It works unevenly, and too often needs the restraining hand of taste and judgment. These are qualities which may come with time. The smaller errors in words and expressions, the frequent lapses from the lofty to the commonplace, the unequal artistic workmanship, the somewhat confused intermingling of Greek with Eastern customs—these may easily be the result of inexperience. Time and the bung left out are sure to bring on fermentation in good wine. The ear, however, finds harsh, and good taste resents such expressions as 'I egg you on to shamefulness,' 'priestess to boot,' when it is a queen who speaks; 'Dompted by her own whelp,' 'at the evening's umbrage,' 'wherefore complected swarthier,' 'until they seem to grow candid like snow'—these may be good Latin, but they are strange English. 'Not one was so heart-hardened,' 'smote the wall and yearned thereon his venom,' these are vivid and forceful, but doubtfully elegant. 'Generous to a blunder' is curiously modern for Queen Esther's mouth, even though she had had opportunity to pick it up in her ghostly wanderings. 'A plot is by that subtle eunuch fathered,' 'I worship you with every nerve and drop of blood my faithful veins that rinses,' 'an empress are you, and a live man's wife,' 'of casks and arms a muddle'—all these are bad. But against these we may set some really fine lines, luminous with imagination, as:

'A leader grief was anchored in the eyes,
Set in the smile that round about them wavered';

and this description of icebergs:

'Cliffs of clear ice, in radiant files that go
Stalking in glittering silence down the ocean';
'The bats that marry on the noiseless wing
Whirled by their heads with quick and amorous chatter,
And seemed, in swift and risky flight, to fling
Spots on the sky above the mound';

and many longer passages which we cannot quote—such as the hiding of the purses (p. 6), the picture of Winter descending from the northlands (p. 115), and the glaciers, two pages further on; the advance of Ahram (p. 137), the appearance of Anne (p. 192), and further on the description of the approaching storm; the vampire (p. 241), and Ahram's prayer (p. 249). In all these passages, however, the imaginative force is better than the artistic expression.

"Guerndale."*

NOTHING seems more evident to the reader of 'Guerndale' than that the story could not have been written by the J. S. whose initials are signed to the preface. The 'plain civil engineer in Arizona' who apologizes for 'something a bit jerky' in his style, and who became one of the richest citizens of Denver with large engineering interests in Leadville, might have compiled the brilliant chapters on Plevna from the London newspapers—might have loved Guyon Guerndale and learned to like Norton Randolph; but he would never have understood the two men as did the author of the book. At first one suspects that the story has been written by Guyon Guerndale, the idealist and dreamer, in a spirit which might have named the book 'A Fool's Dreams, written by the Fool'; later, it seems the possible work of Norton Randolph, the brilliant cynic who tells Guerndale that he might as well try steering through the Erie canal by the stars as to go through life with enthusiasms. One decides at last, however, from the impartiality with which the two men are treated, that the story was written by neither of them, but by one who perhaps had never even known the two men, but who, with a mind steeped deeply in the best literature of every language, must often have thrown back his head with a delighted smile over a book he was enjoying: 'Ah! what a capital thing! how I should have liked to say that!' and who, not to be baffled by the evident impossibility of saying it himself now, decides to elaborate each 'capital thing' in the note-book of his brain into a paragraph of discussion on the point in question, compiling at last all his paragraphs into a book of discussions to remind one of the ever-charming 'Friends in Council.' Guerndale, indeed, would be valuable if only as a collection of valuable quotations. Its motto, instead of the one chosen from Don Quixote, might have been Randolph's statement, 'I am an echo,' combined, of course, in Randolph's case, with a quotation from Goethe. But if the book is an echo, it is like the famous one in Ireland which, to the question 'How do you do?' would reply, 'Very well, I thank you; how are you?' The author apparently has no theories to advance, but as an amused spectator of the drama of life, seeing only the absurd in the position of every party and the

* Guerndale. By J. S. of Dale. \$1.25. New York: Scribner.

doctrine of every creed, interests himself in trying to present, with justice, both sides of every question.

Plot there is none, and the catastrophe is foreseen from the beginning; but no one cares now for plots, and we are well content with the author's declaration in the preface that he will 'seek the romantic in thought, not event; in character, not action.' Yet the charm of the book does not lie in its character-drawing. Indeed, there is scarcely a vividly drawn character in the story. Annie, the heroine, fails to impress us at all, except in the author's description of her as one whose manners showed such a rare combination of frankness and courtesy that 'a knave feared her, a fool was deceived by her, and a gentleman adored her.' Philip would once have been the heavy villain of the play, but in these piping times of peace, when we 'lazily adapt ourselves to the laws of expediency, and are possessed of too much good taste to be either very good or very bad,' he is simply a disagreeable fellow. Randolph, the brilliant utterer of other people's good things, has not the courage of his opinions, or in other words the strength of his quotations, and ought to use quotation marks even oftener than he does. Guy, the hero, is not only weak, but shadowy; we cannot complain of the weakness, for the author acknowledges it and merely claims to have loved him in spite of it; but it should be very much more strongly defined. He is not even consistently weak; he is weak in not 'seeing through' Philip at the first, weaker still in exaggerating the wrong that Philip did him; but he possesses one of the strongest forms of strength in being able to bear a shock to his ideals. In this he is far stronger than the cynical Randolph, who learned to laugh at everything merely because a young lady whose acquaintance he no longer desired had once laughed at him.

What is it, then, that makes the book remarkable, since it is undeniably one of the remarkable books of the year? It is remarkable less as a good thing in itself than as a compilation of good things. The author is frequently as terse and witty as the people whom Randolph is fond of quoting. Nothing could be better of its kind than the summing up, at the close, of the fate and fortunes of all the people in the story. It is easy to foresee that the book will be called cynical; not only because of the motto on the title-page and the closing sentence of the volume, but because the cynic of the story is allowed to have the greater part of the arguments, although Guerndale's reminder that the world is not necessarily laughable because one man laughs at it, is given in generous proportion. But, after all, the test of a cynical book is whether it leaves the reader cynical. Tried by this test, 'Guerndale' is the most encouraging book we know; its one cynic is merely a cynic in intellect, not in heart; delighted to push cynicism so far as to make it ridiculous, and confessing at last that he only intends to burlesque it; the effect upon those who listen to him being such that one of his light laughs sets them to thinking more than old Dr. Grimstone's sermons.

Longfellow Memorial Volumes.*

BIOGRAPHIES of Mr. Longfellow have been almost as plentiful since his death as 'Lives of Carlyle.' The first in the field, if we are not mistaken, was Mme. Tucker-Macchetta's, reviewed in the last number of THE CRITIC. The next is Mr. Underwood's 'biographical sketch' (1) a careful performance by one well-fitted for the task. Mr. Underwood tells us that, having read his sketch of Lowell, Mr. Longfellow intimated, with 'simple frankness,' that 'he would be pleased to have one written of himself in a similar spirit.' The 'notes and data' of the sketch were submitted to the poet a fortnight before his death. Mr. Underwood has lived for a number of years in or near Cambridge, and as the projector of *The Atlantic Monthly* was on friendly terms with the best literary men of that literary centre in its palmiest days. A chapter devoted to *The Atlantic* is not the least interesting in the book. Mr. Underwood's sketch has the value of the impressions of a personal friend, given to us at first hand. In writing of Mr. Longfellow's work he has not hesitated to criticise where he has thought criticism necessary; but he brings to his task, first of all, a keen appreciation of his subject, and, second, a fairly sound literary judgment. An appendix gives the 'Proceedings of the Maine Historical Society on the occasion of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday; Genealogies; Longfellow's earlier poems, reprinted from the collection made by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd in 1877; and other interesting memorials.'

MR. W. Sloane Kennedy has shown great industry in making his compilation (2). Though there is very little original matter in the book, yet there is very little missing that has been well said by any one else. Newspapers, private correspondence, periodicals, books, have been diligently and intelligently explored. Wherever Mr. Kennedy has seen the name of Longfellow, his shears have been applied, and

* 1. H. W. Longfellow. A biographical sketch. By Francis H. Underwood. \$1.50. Boston: Osgood.—2. Longfellow: Biography, Letters, Poems, etc. By W. S. Kennedy. \$1.50. Cambridge: King.—3. H. W. Longfellow: A Medley in Prose and Verse. By R. H. Stoddard. \$1.50. New York: Harlan.

the result is a memorial volume that suffers, not from a dearth of material, but rather (if at all) from an embarrassment of riches.

Mr. Stoddard's 'medley' (3) is almost as full of selections but contains more original matter than Mr. Kennedy's. His critical estimate of Longfellow is abundantly worth reading, and, in addition, he gives us a good running commentary on the literary history of a quarter of a century ago, with personal reminiscences and anecdotes. Mr. Stoddard has taken pains to go over the files of *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, and has set the result of his labors before the reader of this book. An interesting outcome of this research is the discovery of a poem, printed in January, 1835, called 'The Soul,' which has little merit in itself but which is curious as being a first draft of 'The Warning,' one of Longfellow's 'Poems on Slavery,' written seven years later. Mr. Stoddard also reproduces the earlier poems gathered by Mr. Shepherd. The editorial and other contributions of Mr. Stoddard to the daily papers and the address delivered by him at Chickering Hall, together with Mr. C. G. Whiting's editorial in the Springfield *Republican* are added. Special papers of reminiscence by Messrs. S. G. W. Benjamin, W. J. Linton, R. S. Gifford, Julian Hawthorne, and Titus M. Coan are contributed. These are the merest jottings, and with the exception of Mr. Hawthorne's, which is interesting as giving his father's opinion of Longfellow, possess little value. The chief want of this book is an index; there is not even a table of contents to guide the reader through its entertaining pages.

Each of the foregoing volumes is handsomely bound and printed, and illustrated with quite sufficient fulness.

"The Mind of Mencius."*

MENCIUS stands in the same relation to Confucius and Confucianism as does Saint Paul to Christ and Christianity. He was the bold, untrusting, and eloquent expounder and commentator of his predecessor's teachings. Confucius had spoken only to his disciples and the crowds which followed him: Mencius did not fear to rebuke kings and to instruct ministers in their duty.

It is unfortunate that in the volume before us, which appears to have been designed for the use of missionaries in China (of whom Dr. Faber is himself one), the writer should have failed to make a clear distinction between his own reflections and the original matter of the Chinese philosopher. Especially in the sections on 'National Economy' it is extremely confusing, after reading a page of precepts and principles, to find by a chance word that it is the German missionary who is speaking, and not always to the point. Nevertheless, it is possible to trace the main ideas of the system. The superiority of small holdings over great estates, where the population is rapidly increasing, is maintained; we are told, as Mr. Mill has told us, that the essential condition of production for commerce is division of labor; of taxes, the tenth is considered necessary for the requirements of a civilized state; the greatest attention is paid to the education of the people, and provision is made in the cabinet for the post of minister of public instruction. All this shows clearly enough that Confucius and Mencius, in their devotion to the cause of humanity, really understood its needs; and, although they trusted chiefly for the success of their plan of government to the innate goodness of man and to his capacity for moral improvement, rather than to the application of infallible rules to his condition, yet the rules they deduced will stand the test of modern economic investigation as well, on the whole, as Ricardo's theory of rent, or the current theories concerning free-trade and protection.

Both Mencius and his master were optimists in the best sense of the word. They believed man to be good by nature, and his impulses high and noble, and they maintained that in doing evil a man must be doing violence to the prime laws of his being. When we remember how unsettled and stormy the times were when Confucius lived and wrote, and when Mencius preached of the inherent goodness of humanity, we are led to the conclusion that these great men, whose thoughts are identified with everything that is best in the Chinese race, belonged to the class of those whom we are accustomed to regard as the purest and noblest in the history of mankind, whose reward is in the loving hearts of their people to this day.

"America and France."†

THE author of this volume has spent several years in Paris making excerpts from the *Moniteur* and from public documents of the Revolutionary period with a view to proving that the influence of the American Revolution upon that of France was much greater than has commonly been supposed. For the same purpose he has collected a great deal of collateral evidence from the literature immediately preceding and succeeding the French Revolution, and has by these

means made out a case which should be gratifying to our national vanity. The book is an interesting and instructive monograph, possessing a scholarly flavor not too common in American literature. There can be no doubt as to the future value of the work to historians of this particular epoch. The first half of the book, dealing, as it does, with the lives of Franklin and Jefferson at the French court, is more interesting than the latter half, which treats of the political aspects of the Revolution. Of the anecdotes and minor incidents, culled from memoirs and biographies relating to the period, several will be new to the American reader, though others have a place in the standard histories. That Franklin prejudiced a certain Marchioness against the American cause by his manner of eating an egg, breaking bread into it, and making 'un petit joli ragout Philadelphique,' may not be of special importance; but as a piece of gossip it is amusing, and it makes both Franklin and the Marchioness very vivid to our imagination.—Mr. Rosenthal shows great aptitude for a kind of work of which much yet remains to be done in the United States. Even his poetical renderings of the French tributes to America and Americans are creditably done, although in a few instances the words are unduly strained in trying to adapt themselves to the metre.

Minor Notices.

'LE LIVRE' has published its number for May and June (New York: Bouton). It has two leading essays: one on the antique designs that used to accompany letterpress, and one on the literary relations of the late Bibliophile Jacob with Balzac. The auction-sales are unusually full, and the news-columns and correspondence are absolutely exhaustive. *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN publish a new edition of Mr. Gustave Masson's 'Dictionary of the French Language' (\$1.). It is admirably condensed. The etymologies are often open to discussion; but the author has no space to suggest variations. He presents chronological tables of French history and French literature, abbreviated, we presume, from his own works on the subject.

MR. HENRY GREY, in 'The Classics for the Million' (New York: Dutton: \$1.25), tries to do in one volume what Mr. Collins and Mrs. Olyphant have tried to do in a series. He presents a brief account of the principal authors of Rome and Greece—their biographies and their works. He has compiled his book from the best authorities, and it is, in the main, correct. But why include Hesiod, Theognis, and Menander among the Greeks? And why should Martial be preferred to Persius among the Romans?

'MRS. DUFF,' by Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, is the latest addition to the American Actor series (Boston: Osgood). It errs in its enthusiastic eulogies. 'It is very doubtful,' says the biographer, 'if she has been surpassed, even by a Rachel or a Ristori, among those who have succeeded her.' She was 'honored by Horace Greeley's printed opinion that her Lady Macbeth has never since been equalled.' She was approved by the 'testimony of that glorious artist and thoroughly competent judge, John Gilbert.' This tone mars the book, which is otherwise valuable and interesting.

MR. EDWARD DICEY's biography of Victor Emmanuel (New York: Putnam: \$1.) will attract attention at a time when the career of Garibaldi is occupying so many minds. Mr. Dicey is a radical, and was once distinguished by his hatred of Napoleon III. But his republican ideas do not seem to have led him into sympathy with Garibaldi, whose 'lack of political intelligence' he is fond of condemning. He writes, indeed, without apparent bias, and throws a new light on Victor Emmanuel's life by making that easy-going monarch a man of fixed ideas and of steady ambition, pursuing them consistently to the end.

MR. JAS. GILMORE did well in securing Dr. Lyman Abbott's assistance in his 'Gospel History,' and Dr. Abbott found something worth revising, in Mr. Gilmore's careful arrangement of the materials offered by the four Evangelists for a connected narrative of Jesus's life and work. The words of the text are, with a few exceptions, those of the authorized version; the harmonistic work follows Andrews, and is on the whole as satisfactory as any harmony can claim to be; there are also judiciously selected notes from many sources, so that the book serves the purpose of a popular commentary as well. (\$1.75. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert).

A NEW edition of John Ruskin's three lectures entitled 'Sesame and Lilies' has been published by Messrs. John Wiley & Sons, New York. Prefixed to it there are two long prefaces, in the first of which Ruskin confesses that those who would know him in all his moods must study the lives and the moods of three men—of Guido Guinicelli, Marmontel, and Swift. His lectures, in their fanciful form, are those discourses of his on the art of beautifying life, on the mission of books, and the needs of education, which are already classics. 'Though I am no poet,' he says, 'I have dreams sometimes,' and his dreams are often more true and more instructive than the facts of everyday life.

* The Mind of Mencius. By the Rev. E. Faber. Translated from the German, with notes, by the Rev. Arthur B. Hutchinson. \$3.50. Boston: Houghton, etc.

† America and France. The Influence of the United States on France in the XVIIth Century. By Lewis Rosenthal. \$1.75. New York: Holt.

N. M. SEDARTE, author of 'The Life of a Love, in Songs and Sonnets' (New York), has been just lightly touched by the magic wand of poesy. His preface is cleverly written in the Elizabethan style, and in it he prays the reader so to 'surrey the faulces herein escaped as either to winke at them, as oversights of a blind Louer; or to excuse them as idle toyes proceeding from a youngling frenzie.' His volume shows taste and considerable power of imitation, and its poetry is just of the sort which is written by Mr. Oscar Wilde.

If it be true that demand regulates supply, there must be a great craving among the young people just now to know something about Boston. So original, however, has been each author's manner of treating his theme, that young persons need not be discouraged even if they should receive all of the books together. Hezekiah Butterworth's originality lies in speaking a good word for King George III., and in bringing his history down to the present moment, with a vivid treatment of recent occurrences sure to impress desirably the young people who ought to realize that they too will make history, if not histories, before long. (Young Folks' History of Boston. \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.)

THE seven years spent by Mr. John R. Dos Passos in the preparation of his treatise on 'The Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges' (New York: Harper: \$7.50) have been thoroughly well employed. The book is one for which there was a positive demand, coming not merely from the brokers' and lawyers' offices in the vicinity of the 'Street,' but largely also from the growing class of small capitalists who would rather put their money in railroad, government, or mining bonds, than invest it in real estate. When we consider that the actual sales of stock at the New York exchange last year reached the sum of \$12,816,246,600, we can only wonder that no work of similar scope has been published here before. It is not necessary that one should read all the thousand or more pages of the present volume in order to appreciate its value. It is a book of reference which has called for intelligent and laborious diligence on the part of the maker, and which will quickly win its place as the leading authority on the subject of which it treats.

THE unexampled candor which impels Mark Twain to emphasize the ephemeral and accidental character of the present collection of odds and ends (Boston: Osgood: \$1.25), by foot-notes informing the reader that many of the pieces were 'crowded out' of his former books, is highly commendable. The fact is, the collection is extraordinarily miscellaneous, and to offer any general criticism upon productions varying so widely in value and character would be rash indeed. Thus the 'Notes of an Idle Excursion' is a comparatively serious piece of work, describing a visit to the Bermuda Islands; the jokes that are sparingly interpersed are not particularly grotesque, and serve to enliven the text agreeably. On the other hand, such a wild extravaganza as 'The Stolen White Elephant,' which has the unmerited honor of giving its title to the book, seems, from our point of view, to have small excuse for being, although we can, by an effort of imagination, conceive of minds so constituted as to enjoy it. Against that horrible, night-marish, soul-persecuting melody, 'Punch, brothers punch,' it is of small use at this late day to enter a protest. Many of the other sketches, including the 'Speech on the Weather,' are already so well-known that unless Mr. Clemens addresses himself to his well-beloved Canadians, he may fail to find any one who has not read them. This, by the way, is his first attempt to sell a book through the regular publishing channels, without the assistance of the canvasser.

Recent Fiction.

A CLEVER satire, which Mr. Holt has promptly reprinted in his Leisure Hour Series, is 'The Revolt of Man.' (New York: \$1.) Its central idea is that the relations of the sexes have been reversed. The women are supreme and find ingenious reasons for keeping the men in subjection. But a rebellion is fomented by the party of man's rights, headed by a daring female, Professor Ingleby, and seconded by her pupil, the Countess of Carlyon, chief of the cabinet of 'All the Beauties,' and after a terrible conflict the old state of things is restored. The idea and its management are Aristophanic.

A GREAT deal of Galdós' 'Gloria' is a disappointment after the promises of Clara Bell's preface; we fail to feel the slightest interest either in the hero or heroine, and we do not see that the story has an essentially Spanish flavor; but as a study of religion and religions in the guise of a novel, it is entertaining and at the close almost dramatic. The hero is a Jew, the heroine an ardent Catholic; the strength of fixed religious ideas to dominate even over passions which are ready to disregard all social and moral laws, is well shown; while the final decision of the young man to become an insincere convert—not to win the woman he loves, but to make her some sort of reparation—and the ingenious manner in which his mother reveals to him his baseness by enacting a similar lie herself that the end might justify the means, are the most interesting and original points of the plot. (New York: Gotsberger.)

IT is hard to analyze the charm of 'The Dingy House at Kensington.' It contains no new element of character or plot, the plot indeed being almost absurdly hackneyed; but the whole is told with such ease and grace that the book is really delightful reading. There is much humor in it, such as that of the man who told his wife he would think the matter over and consult with her again, meaning that when he had decided what to do, he would tell her; and there is an excellent definition of the difference between Liberals and Conservatives, closing with the remark that 'one thinks no one is as good as himself, and the other thinks nobody's better.' (New York: Putnam.)

American Oriental Society.

THE regular May meeting of the American Oriental Society, for choice of officers and presentation of papers, was held in Boston, May 24. The officers of last year were re-elected: Professor S. Wells Williams, President; Professor C. H. Toy, Recording Secretary; Professor W. D. Whitney, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Van Name, Librarian and Treasurer. Professors Dillmann, of Berlin, and Monier Williams, of Oxford, and Mr. Alexander Wylie, of London, were made Honorary Members. A volume and a half of the Society's Journal has been issued during the past year, besides the usual Proceedings. The papers presented were as follows: Two on the routes of trade and other intercourse between the East and West, by Professors H. Osgood of Rochester and J. W. Jenks of Newton. Professor Toy discussed the Cushites, showing on how small and doubtful a foundation the various views held respecting them repose, and that there is no good reason for believing that an early civilized and civilization Cushite race existed in South-Western Asia. Professor Luquians gave an elaborate review and criticism of the Avesta of de Harlez. Professor Avery described the rude tribes of North-Eastern India. Professor Whitney read a version of a noted cosmogonic hymn in the last book of the Rig-Veda, with comments, endeavoring especially to correct the excessive over-laudation of which it has been made the subject; he also presented and explained a specimen of a list of Sanskrit verbs which he intends to put forth as a Supplement to his Sanskrit grammar, giving all the verbal forms and primary derivatives found in use from each root, with the period of their appearance. Dr. Haskell continued the account of his studies upon the metres of the Rig-Veda. Professor T. O. Paine spoke of the ancient Egyptian names for God. Dr. Butler, a missionary from India, depicted a durbar (of which he was a witness) held in honor of an Indian raja who had protected English fugitives during the mutiny, and who was a leper. The Society next meets in New York, in October.

A Sumptuous Edition of Wordsworth.

MR. BOUTON has undertaken the American agency of Prof. Wm. Knight's edition of Wordsworth's poetical works, in eight volumes. The notable features of this edition, which has been prepared by Mr. Wm. Paterson of Edinburgh, are as follows:

(1) The poems will be arranged, for the first time, in chronological order of composition, not of publication. (2) All the changes of text, adopted by the poet in the successive editions of his works, will be given in footnotes. (3) Several new readings or suggested changes of text, which exist in MS., and were written by Wordsworth on the margin of a copy of the edition of 1836-37, kept at Rydal Mount, and now in the possession of Lord Coleridge, will be added. (4) The Notes dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick (and known as the I. F. MS.), which give the author's own account of the circumstances under which his poems were composed, will be printed in full, and inserted in each case as a preface to the particular poem thus explained. (5) Topographical notes, explanatory of the allusions made to localities in the English Lake District and elsewhere, will be given as editorial appendices to the poems thus illustrated. (6) Several poems and fragments hitherto unpublished will be printed. (7) A bibliography of the works and the successive editions, issued in England and America from 1793 to 1850, will be added, together with a bibliography of criticism, or critical estimates of Wordsworth. (8) A life of the poet, a critical essay, and a general index will conclude the last volume. (9) Etchings by C. O. Murray, after drawings by John McWhirter, A.R.A., of localities associated with the poet, will be the frontispieces in the various volumes, and a portrait of Wordsworth will accompany the last volume. —The publication has commenced with the issue of volumes first and second in May 1882. Two volumes hereafter will appear at intervals of six months, and the entire work be completed in about two years. The impression will be as follows: Twenty copies printed on the finest imperial 8vo laid paper, specially prepared, the etchings on Japanese paper, China paper, and Holland paper, each volume numbered and signed; one hundred and twenty copies large paper, on fine laid paper, with proofs of the etchings on China paper and Holland paper, each volume numbered; one thousand copies demi-octavo.

THE introductory essay on 'George Herbert and His Verse,' which Mr. J. H. Shorthouse has written for the *fac-simile* reprint of 'The Temple,' has proved to be a continuation of the discussion of subjects treated in 'John Inglesant.'

Carlyle's 'Reminiscences of My Irish Journey,' first published in the *Century Magazine*, has been brought out in book form by the Harpers. Mr. Froude has written a preface, in which he gives the history of the manuscript of these 'Reminiscences.'

The Critic

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'It is sprightly, and occasionally flippant. Its opinions are not always free from prejudice, but they are worth knowing. In a word, THE CRITIC is nothing if not critical; and its aggressive tone, in these days of pretentiousness in literature as in everything else, is certainly refreshing.'—BOSTON TRAVELLER.

'The CRITIC leaped at one bound from the brain of modern culture—the Minerva of literary journalism, healthy, genial, armed with scalpel and knife. Its success has been instant and secure.'—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

'The first literary journal in America. Its specialty is short reviews and many of them; but we do not observe that quality is sacrificed.'—LONDON ACADEMY.

"Have We any Gentlemen Among Us?"

THIS is a fair question, and the Cincinnati *Commercial* shall not be censured for asking it. Our esteemed contemporary, it seems, has been reading THE CRITIC'S editorial on the proposed removal of Mr. James Russell Lowell, and is terribly aggrieved by its open sneers at the West. 'New York and Boston,' it says, 'are as harmonious as cat and dog on most questions. If Boston gets its back up, New York shows its teeth. When New York hisses, Boston growls. New York comic papers are constantly poking fun at Boston, while Boston sits upon her three-pointed mountain and frowns grim disapproval over her spectacles at New York the year around. Only on one topic these two towns agree, and that is "the West." When it comes to talking against the region o' the settin' sun, they join hands, and each tries to outcold the other. They are jealous of us out here.' And the editor proceeds to show what good cause we have for jealousy. 'If all the successful editors, preachers, and literary, professional, and business men in general, who were born and bred west of the Allegheny Mountains,' he says, 'were suddenly taken out of these two towns, and all the results of their labors along with them, would it or would it not leave a hole in the high repute of New York and Boston?' THE CRITIC, we are assured, writes itself down 'a provincial ignoramus' when it says, by inference, that all 'Western' men thrust their knives down their throats at dinner, tilt back in their chairs, and pick their teeth with a fork, 'though it is true that these detestable habits prevail to some extent.' 'Seeing, however, that we have had our knives flung in our teeth on an average once a day for the last quarter of a century, we submit it to the tender mercies of even the cruel CRITIC whether this thing isn't getting sort of monotonous.' Here, as our magnanimity is appealed to, we must frankly admit the monotony of our ways, and promise to thoroughly reform them. We will also explain, at the risk of adding insult to the original injury, that, in our provincial ignorance, we have long since ceased to regard Ohio as a 'Western' commonwealth, linking it rather with the so-called Middle States, of which New York is one. In speaking of the West we had in mind only those states and territories that lie beyond the—but no; we may find it necessary after the arrival of the next batch of Western papers to draw the line still nearer the Pacific than we should at the present writing, having only the fear of Ohio editors before our eyes. We are perfectly willing to admit, however, that 'gentlemen by birth and education, lovers of good books and decent men,' are to be found on the Western side of the farthest line that we could draw. We recognize the truth of the proposition that these gentlemen sometimes 'carry to the Atlantic shores a broad, generous, and daring spirit, born only of plenty of room and plenty to eat.' And so, when the *Commercial* handsomely adds, 'A man might safely stake the biggest, sharpest knife he ever put into his mouth, that the writer of THE CRITIC article is himself a "Western" man, only an unconquerable love of truth forces the confession that we were born, and have always lived, in the East.'

"Camaradéié."

OUR English friends are still concerned that the vice of mutual admiration is stealing into American literature. They argue that, having welcomed Mr. Oscar Wilde, we applaud the arts which gave Mr. Wilde his renown. But this is illogical. We welcomed the tattooed lady, and shall we, therefore, puncture ourselves with Indian ink? We welcomed the man with the elastic skin, and shall we, therefore, play tricks with our own integument? We are not blameless in this matter of literary log-rolling. But, frankly, are we as bad as our critics?

There is *The Saturday Review*, for example. From the first it has made a boast of independence. In its younger days it attacked everybody, even the giants. It slung a stone full in the forehead of Thackeray, and when that good-natured Goliath brought down his bludgeon on its pate, it came up smiling and slung a stone at Dickens. In recent times, too, it is never tired of singing its fearlessness, its absolute impartiality. Yet we take up a number and read an article entitled 'Songs in Two Languages.' It is an extravagant eulogy of a small book of verse, written partly in French, by Mr. Walter Pollock. We say nothing against the verse, and if a French reader could detect a mistake in prosody in every stanza, we reflect that it was not meant for French readers. But why such excess of laudation? Why these two columns of praise for a handful of short poems? A correspondent sends us a significant line. Mr. Pollock is one of the editors of the *Review*.

What paper, again, can be keener in its judgments than *The Spectator*? Mr. Townsend's political articles, Mr. Hutton's literary criticisms, have won a high reputation for their authoress. Apart from its liberal bias in politics, the review is famous for its impartiality. Yet we read a fulsome notice of a novel, 'Faust of Balliol,' by Mr. Herman Merivale. Every other critic had condemned the novel and the play which accompanied it. How were we to account for these flatteries? What had caused these unprejudiced critics thus to lose their balance? Another correspondent sends us a note. Mr. Merivale is a regular contributor to *The Spectator*.

The People's Library.

THE Post, having called, a month ago, for a library built with a fund raised by combined generosity, where no one person can have a prevailing influence, vested in the hands of trustees who, etc., etc., now wants 'some one' to follow the example of Mr. Enoch Pratt, who has, 'in one magnificent gift,' conferred upon Baltimore the privileges of a great free library. We are pleased to see that THE CRITIC's suggestion to Mr. Vanderbilt has so favorably impressed our venerable contemporary, and trust that it will show the zeal peculiar to new converts in seconding our movement for a worthy library; we fear, however, that the proposed consolidation of the chief existing libraries will not be favorably regarded by the several boards of trustees, to whom the Post pipes so seductively.—*The Library Journal*, for May, quotes a part of our editorial headed 'The Astor Stumbling-Block,' and ventures the following comment: 'The latest critic has ingeniously found a new grievance—that good (or, as he would say, bad) stands in the way of better. We do not think so. . . . There is much more of hope, for students, from the gradual improvement of the administration of the Astor, . . . and for the populace, from the efforts of private benevolence directed exclusively, honestly, and wisely to this very end' (the popularizing of the Astor), than from the establishing of a new library under State control. 'The New York Free Public Library is a child now,' our friend observes, 'but such admirable work as it has done with its small resources will certainly before long bring it all the means it needs for doing all that can be done.' We sincerely hope so.—In addition to the letter printed below, we have received one from the author of a scholarly work on an oriental subject, now living in this city, who writes: 'It seems a strange thing, but in preparing for a second edition of my book, I shall be obliged to go to Boston for books of reference.'

CONCERNING THE ASTOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:
Allow me to offer a note about my last experience of the value of the Astor Library. I went there a few days ago for the purpose of

consulting the earliest and also the most recent issues of the 'Statesman's Year Book' and the last volume of Debrett's 'Peerage and Baronetage.' After having duly surrendered my copy of the morning paper to the gentleman in livery, and made my application at the appointed place, I could learn of no edition of Debrett since 1836! The Year Book, previous to 1873 and since 1880, is also wanting. So my visit was useless. In the interest of literature, as well as for the credit of the city, I trust that your well-merited criticism may lead to the establishment of a genuine public library which shall be of some utility; for, although I have, from necessity, had recourse to the Astor at frequent intervals during the last fifteen years, it has almost invariably disappointed me as a library of reference.

R. L.

PARK RIDGE, N. J., June 7, 1882.

Delay!

O SPIRIT of the Spring, delay, delay!
Be chary of thy gifts; by slow degrees
Roll back the leafy tide on forest trees;
And in all fields keep thou a jealous sway,
Lest the low grass break into sudden spray,
And clover toss its purples on the breeze.
Bind fast those lily-buds, that prying bees
Shall have no entrance, murmur as they may!
Scatter not yet the orchard's scented snows,
Nor break the cage that holds the butterfly,
Nor let the blow-ball wander up the sky:
What! flown so lightly? By yon upstart rose,
Summer is here with all her gaudy shows;
O Spirit of the Spring, good-by, good-by!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Literary Histories.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Some one told me, some time ago, that Taine's English Literature did not stand very high, in the opinion of literary people. I always thought the contrary. How is it?—and what histories of English literature are there, besides Taine's and Chambers' and Alibone's.—Do you know whether a third volume of Tyler's History of American Literature is preparing?—Can you give me the name of any English republisher of Tauchnitz's English Authors?

MYERTOWN, Pa., June 6, 1882.

R. E. W.

[Your original impression was correct. M. Taine's History is a brilliant, scholarly, and extremely interesting work—the best that can be had upon the subject. Of other works covering the same ground, wholly or in part, you will find the following more or less valuable: 'A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical,' by Thomas Arnold, of University College, Oxford; 'A History of Eng. Lit. in Biographical Sketches,' by W. F. Collins of Trinity College, Dublin; 'English Literature,' by Henry Coppée, President of Lehigh University; 'A Manual of Eng. Lit. and of the History of the Eng. Language,' by G. L. Craik, Professor in Queen's College, Belfast; the Rev. Stopford Brooke's 'A Primer of Eng. Lit.' (which Mr. Matthew Arnold delights to praise); 'The Civil Service History of Eng. Lit.' by H. A. Dobson, now in its fifth edition; Mrs. A. S. Richardson's 'Familiar Talks on Eng. Lit.'; F. H. Underwood's version of Shaw's 'A Handbook of Eng. Lit.'; 'Of Eng. Lit. in the Reign of Victoria,' recently issued by Prof. Henry Morley, of University College, London; and Mrs. Oliphant's new work in two volumes, entitled 'A Lit. History of England at the End of the XVIIIth and the Beginning of the XIXth Century.' We may also mention Mr. Eugene Lawrence's primer in the Harpers' Half Hour Series, whereof the fourth volume deals with American literature.—Prof. Tyler has sailed for Europe, but will return shortly. The Messrs. Putnam hope to receive the copy for his third volume—treating of American literature at the period of the Revolution—some time next fall.—Tauchnitz's reprints (Leipzig) are piratical, and are therefore prohibited in England.—EDS. CRITIC.]

"Memoirs of Mrs. Coghlan."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There is a book entitled 'Memoirs of Mrs. Coghlan (daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe), Written by Herself,' with notes by Dr. J. G. Shea and others—1795. I have a copy of the reprint by F. H. Morrell, 1864. Can you give me the closing chapter of the heroine's history? I cannot have access to such works as will afford me the information.

TOPEKA, KAN., June 5, 1882.

W. I. W.

[We have not sufficient space for a satisfactory answer to this question, and must therefore refer the reader to Dr. Shea, care of Frank Leslie, New York—who did not, by the way, contribute notes to the edition of 1795.—EDS. CRITIC.]

LITERARY NOTES.

THERE are eight Browning Societies in England.

A correspondent suggests Mr. Clarence King as the author of 'Guerndale.'

An original subscriber's copy of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' was sold in London recently for £500.

Robert Clarke & Co.'s list of Shakespeare's plays includes twenty-two editions; of Shakspeariana, fifty volumes.

Lord Lytton will return any letters or other memorials which may be sent to aid him in the preparation of his father's Life.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a sale of 90,000 copies of their 'limited' edition of Rev. E. P. Roe's 'Barriers Burned Away.'

It is said that more than 100,000 copies of Mark Twain's last volume of sketches, before 'The Stolen White Elephant,' etc., have been sold.

Sergeant Ballantine's entertaining 'Experiences of a Barrister's Life' (see THE CRITIC, Vol. II., No. 34), has been republished here by Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Tupper's 'Dramatic Pieces' have just been published in England. The Queen and the Princess of Wales have been good enough to accept the first two copies.

The forthcoming volumes in the English Men-of-Letters Series, after Mr. A. W. Ward's 'Dickens,' are 'Gray,' by E. W. Gosse; 'Mauray,' by J. Cotter Morison; and 'Swift,' by Leslie Stephen.

A volume of *vers-de-société*, 'Sly Ballades on Harvard China,' illustrated by Lambert Hollis, is announced by A. Williams & Co., who have nearly ready, 'Thaddeus Stevens, Commoner,' by E. B. Calender.

The death of Prof. Georg Reinhold Pauli is announced. Prof. Pauli was born at Berlin in 1823, and was educated at the university in that city, and at Bonn. His best known books treated of English history.

Among the announcements of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are: 'The Coming Democracy,' by George Harwood; 'Spinoza,' by Rev. Dr. Martineau; and a volume of 'Lectures on Art,' by Lucy Crane, illustrated by Walter Crane.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris ('Uncle Remus') has written a story of Southern life called 'Mingo,' for the Tile Club's Christmas supplement to *Harper's Weekly*. This supplement, by the way, is to be something unique, both in illustrations and text.

Outing is the name of a new 'journal of recreation,' published monthly in Albany by Mr. William B. Howland. Out-of-door life is its province. It is handsomely printed and contains contributions from a number of writers of more or less repute.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere's new volume of Poems (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) is entitled, 'The Foray of Queen Meave, and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age.' Fragments of the legend which names the book appear in *The Catholic World* for June and July.

'As foreign periodicals have increased in circulation among us,' says *The Newsdealer's Bulletin*, 'the circulation of American papers abroad has increased in a corresponding ratio, so that now our large papers and magazines ship abroad, yearly, millions of copies.'

The Rev. John R. Paxton, preaching recently in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Postlethwaite, Chaplain at West Point, maintained, as a sign that 'Christianity is no longer heroic,' the fact that it is 'no longer in demand as literary material.' 'When we make our religion a positive factor in literature, politics, commerce, and society,' he said, 'no man will speak lightly of our faith.'

The Dial is to be reprinted in response to a 'constant and growing demand' for it, which comes largely from public libraries. During the four years of its existence (1840-4), the paper failed to win a wide audience, but its interest as a curiosity of literature has constantly increased, and there is good reason to believe that the Messrs. Roberts will secure the two hundred subscribers whose support is necessary to the undertaking. The four volumes of *The Dial* are to be sold to subscribers for \$15, and to casual buyers for \$20. An additional volume, containing an index and a considerable body of *Dialana*, prepared by the Rev. G. W. Cooke, will be sold separately for \$1. It can hardly be necessary to mention the fact that the late Mr. Emerson was once the editor of, and always a diligent contributor to, this organ of New England Transcendentalism; and that upon its regular staff were numbered such departed worthies as Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, Henry Thoreau, and William Channing.

Mr. Andrew Lang's poem, 'Helen of Troy,' will be published here by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The third series of 'No Name' novels will differ from the first two only in the style of binding.

Prof. Rufus Richardson has accepted the Lawrence Professorship of Greek at Dartmouth College.

Björnsterne Björnson's 'The Bridal March' will be published this month, with four illustrations.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.'s just issued descriptive catalogue is particularly rich in educational works.

Lieut. Danenhower's account of his Siberian experiences will be published under Government auspices.

A volume on 'English Poetesses,' by Eric Robinson, is announced by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

Mrs. Ole Bull is writing a life of her husband, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn.

The Emperor of Brazil's book of travels will be published in French, under the title 'Impressions de Voyage.'

Capt. R. F. Burton's 'Camoëns: His Life and His Lusiads,' in two volumes, is issuing from the press of Quaritch, London.

Mr. Swinburne's new volume, 'Tristram of Lyonesse, and other Poems,' will be published in this country by R. Worthington.

The August number of the *Atlantic* will contain as a frontispiece a new steel-engraved portrait of Emerson, representing him as he appeared when in full vigor.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published 'Gabriel Conroy,' the fourth, and 'Condensed Novels and Stories,' the fifth and last volume in the new edition of Bret Harte's works.

'Hood's Own Whims and Oddities,' with the original illustrations, Leslie Stephen's 'Science and Ethics,' and 'Pen-Pictures of Modern Authors,' edited by Wm. Shepard, have just left the Messrs. Putnam's press.

Of the new Parchment Library edition of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes, a special edition of only six sets will be printed on vellum. Subscriptions are solicited at \$600 a set, and two sets have already been subscribed for.

Since the death of his literary partner, James Rice, Mr. Walter Besant is obliged to do his writing unassisted. His first story written single-handed is entitled 'So They Were Married.' It will soon be begun in *Harper's Weekly*.

'Good-bye, proud world!' was written when Emerson, fresh from college, was a teacher in a Boston school, his 'sylvan home' being a boarding-house in Roxbury, only two or three miles distant, but at that time a paradise of woods, rocks, and hills.

In the August *Harper's*, Col. Higginson will begin a series of papers which will constitute a continuous history of the United States, from 'The First Americans' down to the close of President Jackson's administration. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written a striking war-story, called 'A Rebel,' for the same number.

A new volume of poems from Mr. Longfellow, including all the lyrics written after the publication of 'Ultima Thule,' will be published very soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will be called 'In the Harbor: Ultima Thule, Part II,' a title chosen by Mr. Longfellow himself, and will include, in addition to poems published in magazines and literary journals, several new ones.

The portrait of Mr. Emerson which is the frontispiece of the July *Harper's* is an engraving by W. B. Closson, from the drawing by Samuel Rowse, made several years ago for Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. We have never seen a more beautiful example of the wood engraver's art. Mr. Curtis devotes the greater part of his 'Easy Chair' to a sincere and graceful tribute to Emerson, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne contributes a short study of the man.

Among the forthcoming publications of Harper & Bros. are 'Beauty in the Household,' by Mrs. T. W. Dewing; 'A History of Ancient Art,' by Dr. Franz von Reber, Director of the Bavarian Royal Galleries; 'The New York Volunteer Fire Department,' by Geo. W. Sheldon; 'Knocking Round the Rockies,' by Ernest Ingersoll; 'Travels in South Kensington, with Notes on Decorative Art and Architecture in England,' by Moncure D. Conway; and a 'History of Wood-Engraving,' by G. E. Woodberry.

Dr. George H. Moore, of the Lenox Library, read a paper at the June meeting of the New York Historical Society, on John Dickinson, the 'Farmer of Pennsylvania' in the Revolutionary Era, in which he demonstrated that Dickinson was the author of the famous 'Declaration by the Representatives of the United Colonies of North America, now met in Congress at Philadelphia, setting forth the Causes and Necessity of their taking up Arms,' 1775. Dr. Moore's demonstration was accompanied by the production of new and original manuscript authorities, among others the first draft of the document, in the autograph of the author.

Robert Grant, author of 'A Frivolous Girl,' is writing another novel.

Mr. M. D. Conway's recollections of Concord and her famous men are to be published in England, under the title 'Concordia.'

'Irène,' a new novel by Christian Reid, is announced by the Appletons. 'The Home Needle' will be the next of their home books.

Colonel Geo. E. Waring, Jr., has written for the July *Century* an illustrated criticism of Muybridge's photographs as published in 'The Horse in Motion.'

Beginning with the issue of July 12, *Our Continent* will appear in a different dress, much reduced in size, and with the outside pages protected by a neat dark cover.

The *Herald*, of Glasgow, has been so fortunate as to secure a serial story from Mr. Bret Harte, United States Consul in that city. It is called 'Flip,' and is said to be in his most characteristic vein.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple's study of 'Emerson as a Poet' in the *July North American Review*, is the most elaborate that has appeared since Mr. Emerson's death. Mr. Whipple is at present engaged upon a chapter of personal reminiscences of the poet which will be published in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Wm. A. Baillie-Grohman's 'Camps in the Rockies' will be published here by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Baillie-Grohman, who is a famous sportsman, is the author of 'Gaddings with Primitive Peoples.' He has come to America to live, so his new book will be protected by the copyright laws. The introduction written for the English edition by C. K. Landis will be omitted from the American reprint. This firm will publish next week the last Hibbert Lectures by Professor Kuenen, of Leyden, under the title 'Nation Religions and Universal Religions.'

The fight still rages over Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' The *Times* can see nothing in one of the poems contained therein (the 'Children of Adam') but 'a coarse, vulgar, disgusting expression of facts which should not be expressed in a book'; but it argues that the attempt to suppress the work is a 'bigoted task.' *The Christian Intelligencer* regards Mr. Whitman as 'the greatest literary humbug of the age.' 'We can hardly express how startled we were,' writes the editor, 'on the occasion of our first meeting with the book'; and he declares that it is 'a point gained to have exposed this gray and broad-brimmed old fraud.' A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, on the other hand, maintains that there is a difference between Shakspeare and Burns, and the *Police Gazette*, that seems to have escaped the notice of our lawyers but which will not be overlooked by the world at large, still less by posterity.

FRENCH NOTES.

VICTOR HUGO's latest drama, 'Torquemada,' has been received by Paris with enthusiasm. The poet was known to have had a peculiarly high opinion of it. He said to a friend: 'Je crois que c'est une de mes œuvres-maitresses.' His idea was not so much to whitewash the character of Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor, as to show that he was chiefly a fanatic. He had been bricked up in a vault by order of the Bishop of Urgal. Two lovers had saved him from death, and he had vowed to protect them. Rosa, the girl, was beloved by King Ferdinand, who plotted against Sanche, the youth. Torquemada did his best to keep his word, but when he learned that to open his prison they had made use of an iron cross, he knew that they were doomed, and, for the salvation of their souls, he suffered them to be burnt at the stake. The conception is melodramatic, but the verse is noble.

It has been a busy fortnight at the Academy. M. Cherbuliez, the novelist, has been received into membership; Monseigneur Perraud, Bishop of Autun, has been elected; and M. Charles de Mazade, the essayist, who was beaten by M. Cherbuliez, received sixteen votes against sixteen received by M. Pailleron, the author of one successful comedy and a host of failures. M. Cherbuliez, whose chief merit is the purity of his style, was received in the presence of many of his female admirers, including Princess Metternich, Princess Troubetzkoi, the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the Countess of Pourtalis, and other leaders of society.

Of the novels that have appeared in Paris since the publication of 'Pot-Bouille,' that which has attracted most attention is 'Madame la Vertu' (Dentu), by MM. Alfred Sirven and Leverdier. It is founded on a scandal that is not yet forgotten, and, though written in the sensational style of M. Adolphe Belot, it has the merit of movement, with a touch or two of pathos.—Mme. Bentzon, who, after Mme. Henri Gréville, is the best known of French lady novelists, has published a touching romance called 'Miss Jane' (Calmann Lévy), in which a simple maiden outgrows her simplicity and takes her revenge on those who had abused it.—'Les Fiancés de Thermidor,' by Edouard Noel (Calmann Lévy) is a romance of the sombre period between the death of Louis XVI. and the fall of Robespierre, and some of its personages, both comic and pathetic, are painted with

considerable skill.—M. F. de Boisgobey's new book is called 'Le Bac' (Plon)—sketch of the Parisian bourgeoisie making holiday in the provinces.—M. Alfred Assolant, always gay and witty, has published 'Le Fête de Champdebrac' (Dentu). These are the best novels of the fortnight, and, with the possible exception of Mme. Bentzon's book, none of them is likely to find an American publisher.

Stage literature is scarce. Neither MM. Calmann Lévy nor M. Tresse find it to their advantage to bring out plays, as long as the foreign copyright is valuable. An author calling himself 'Genevraye' has therefore found the field clear for the twelve charming little comedies or 'proverbes' which he has collected under the name of 'Théâtre au Salon,' heralded by a preface by M. Alexandre Dumas.—Of pieces that have been produced, 'Mon Fils,' by M. Emile Guiard, nephew of Emile Augier (P. Ollendorf), has tempted the verdict of readers. It is a weak little play, written in highly prosaic stanzas, such as this,

'Oui le docteur Guérin, ton ancien professeur,
à Renne te prendra bientôt pour successeur.'

There are also many books in Paris which, received coldly at first, are gradually making their way into popularity. Of these is 'Le Cousin Noël,' by Jacques Vincent (Plon), the story of a girl who drowns her rival and, having married her lover, and borne him a child, retires into repentance and a convent.—'Un coup de Revolver,' by Jules Mary (Plon), relates how a woman simulated madness to save her lover, and was at last made really mad by the tortures which her device imposed on her.—'La Toile d'Araignée,' by Louis Davyl (Dentu), and 'La Revanche d'une honnête Femme,' by Edouard Cadol, have, like Emile Zola's collection of newspaper articles, 'Une Campagne,' met with no success at all.—'A l'Atelier,' by H. Gobin (Ollendorf), is a collection of graceful studio stories; 'Les 773 Millions de Jean François Jollivet,' by Jules Gros (Rouff) outdoes Jules Verne in M. Verne's own province; and 'Le Capitaine sans Façon,' by Gilbert Augustin Thierry, with illustrations by Gaucheret, Norman, and Félix Regamey (Charavay) is a dashing historical romance, by the heir of a great literary name.

ITALIAN NOTES.

THE great literary event in Italy has been the holding of the Authors' Congress at Rome. The President was Paolo Ferrari, the dramatist, author of 'Prosa' and 'Il Suicidio'; and at his right sat Duke Leopold Torlonia, Syndic of Rome, and at his left M. Ulbach, the French novelist, through whose exertions the Congress was held. England, Germany, France, Poland, the Scandinavian States, and South America were worthily represented, and Victor Hugo, of course, enlivened the proceedings with a telegram. M. Ulbach spoke vigorously against literary piracy and infringement of copyright. Many poems and essays were read; resolutions were adopted; and the members of the congress paid visits to the antiquities of the capital. Rome welcomed her guests in royal style.

Meanwhile, Italian publishers have been busy. 'La Russia Sotterranea,' a story of Nihilist dynamite, has been issued by the House of Treves, at Milan, and expects to make a tour of the world.—Zanichelli, of Bologna, has put forth a volume of tales by Enrico Panzacci.—Barbera, of Florence, promises 'Le Veglie di Neri,' poems of Tuscan country-life, and 'Nelle Puglie,' translated from Mariano, by F. Gregorius.—Gionnotta, of Catania, has issued 'Pane Nero,' a novel, by Giovanni Verga.

But among new Italian books the place of honor is held by G. Martotti's historical romance, 'Il Conte Lucio' (Milan : Treves). It is crude and realistic in its handling of a terrible story, but it is, at the same time, full of rough power. Lucio, the hero, a ferocious sensualist, something between Don Juan and Casanova, is drawn with masterly skill.—The sea-tales of Francesco Corazzini, called 'Storia della Marina Militare Italiana Antica' (Livorno : Giusti) smell more of the study than of the forecastle; they are, indeed, scholarly and correct, but lack salt.—Cesareo's poems, 'Sotto gli Aranci' (Ravenna : David), are the work of a youthful and promising bard, with an eye for nature and none for humanity.

Science

"The Brain and Its Functions."*

THE new volume of the International Scientific Series, immediately succeeding the extraordinary essay of Mr. Stallo, again renews the scientific tendency and tenor of the series, and is a fitting complement to the several volumes of the same collection on collateral subjects. The author, Dr. Luys, had already an established reputation as an earnest and successful student of the histology and anatomy of the brain, and especially of the relations of the fibres to the central

* The Brain and Its Functions. By J. Luys, Physician to the Hospice de la Salpêtrière. With Illustrations. \$1.50. (International Scientific Series.) New York : Appleton.

nervous system. In the present work he combines the results of his own investigations with those of his co-workers in the same field, and the result is a systematic monograph on the general anatomy and physiology of the human brain, or rather of certain features of the cerebrum. The work does not give the details which are to be met with in anatomical text books, nor does it repeat for the functions the statements current in the physiological manuals. In brief, the subject-matter is considered from two points of view, an anatomical and a physiological. In the author's own words, in the first part are 'explained all the technical processes employed in arriving at the results indicated,' the investigator 'insisting, at the same time, upon the value of the method which' it was 'found necessary to adopt, which consists in making regularly stratified sections of the cerebral tissue, in the faithful reproduction of these by means of photography, and in the employment of successively graduated powers for the representation of certain details.' By such 'new methods of investigation,' as the author (rather too generously) calls his processes, he claims to have penetrated 'further into the still unexplored regions of the nervous centres,' and 'like a traveller returned from distant lands,' to have brought back 'correct views and faithful representations of certain territories of which our predecessors caught scarcely a glimpse.' He says, for example, that he has thrown 'fresh light upon the intimate structure of the nerve-cell, and on the organization of its protoplasm,' as well as the connections of the nerve-fibres; and he even arrogates to himself the distinction of having for the first time set forth 'a true physiology of the brain, as legitimately established, as legitimately constituted, as that of the heart, lungs, or muscular system.' The claim so made is certainly extravagant, both in its indirect condemnation and ignoring of the labors of the author's predecessors, and as to the status attained by his own, researches. Nevertheless, the exaggeration thus manifested is perhaps pardonable, flowing as it does from an enthusiastic devotion and concentration on the object of his studies; and the volume is notable for the systematic attempt to co-ordinate psychology with nervous manifestations. The scope of the work may be best indicated by the arrangement of the subject-matter. This is divided into three 'parts'—(1) 'anatomy of the brain,' (2) 'general properties of the nervous elements,' and (3) 'evolution of the processes of cerebral activity.' In the first are successively treated, in special chapters, the 'methods of study,' 'the cortex,' and 'the white substance' of the brain, 'the optic thalamus,' 'the corpus striatum,' and the physiological deductions resulting from the consideration of the structures indicated. The second part is divided into three books—one on the 'sensibility of the nervous elements,' a second on what is called the 'organic phosphorescence of the nervous elements,' and a third on the 'automatic activity of the nervous elements.' The term phosphorescence, it is explained, is applied to 'that curious property the nervous elements possess, of remaining for a longer or shorter time in the state of vibration into which they have been thrown by the arrival of external excitations—as we see phosphorescent substances illuminated by solar rays continue to shine after the source of light which has illuminated them has disappeared.'

Memory is the expression of such action, and in the second book, under five chapters, the genesis and characteristics thereof are discussed. The third part has likewise three books; in the first the 'phase of incidence,' in the second 'the phase of propagation,' and in the third the 'phase of reflexion or emission' of the processes of cerebral activity are considered. The final conclusion is, that 'the different processes of cerebral activity finally resolve themselves into a circular movement of absorption and restitution of forces. The external world with all its incitements, enters into us by the channel of the senses, in the form of sensorial excitations; and the same external world, modified and refracted by its intimate contact with the living tissues it has traversed, emerges from the organism, and is reflected outward in the various manifestations of voluntary motor-power.'

The work is worthy of a careful perusal, but a cardinal defect in the author seems to be a deficiency of the judicial element, or the ability to look at both sides of a question, and to weigh the arguments against as well as for a given assumption. The tone is too positive as to some points, and a complete 'true physiology of the brain' cannot yet be conceded to be 'legitimately established.' The claims of novelty and great advance in knowledge are not sustained by the evidence.

Scientific Notes.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL's 'Floating Matter in the Air,' and Sir John Lubbock's 'Ants, Bees, and Wasps,' will be published shortly by the Appletons.

Professor William B. Rogers, President of the National Academy of Sciences, and an eminent investigator in diverse branches of science (geology, physics, etc.), died at Newport, May 30th.

The first Bulletin of the American Geographical Society for 1882 contains General George W. Cullum's essay on 'The Acropolis of Athens,' and Mr. George Kennan's interesting and timely lecture on 'Siberia: the Exile's Abode.'

A Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge Relating to Insanity and to the Treatment of the Insane—having for its objects (1) Such

improvement in the lunacy laws of this country as shall best serve the interests of the insane, (2) the promotion of special instruction in all medical colleges, so that the profession generally shall be better fitted to treat insanity in its incipient stages, and (3) the better instruction of the public as to the nature and causes of insanity—held its second meeting, in May, at the residence of Mrs. Jane M. Wilson, 110 East 23rd Street. Several papers were read and discussed, and there were some accessions to the membership of the society.

The whale fishery in the Basque provinces of Spain up to the middle of the 17th century was an important industry in that country, and exerted much influence, not only on the people of that section, but on the early history of North America, in that 'the first English whaling vessels were in the habit of shipping a boat's crew of Basques to harpoon the whales,' for the 'Basques had become dexterous whale-fishers long before any other European people had entered upon that perilous occupation.' Mr. Clements R. Markham has collected data on this fishery in a paper published in *Nature*; and Prof. Giglioli, of Florence, has supplemented it by a record of other captures, in the same periodical. The whale in question is a peculiar species, called *Balaena biscayensis*, and is almost extinct. Individuals, however, are at rare intervals observed. The last noticed, after a long interval of absence, were two; one a female, caught at Taranto Feb. 9, 1877, and another, harpooned off Guelaria, Feb. 11, 1878. The former has been well described by Prof. F. Gasco, of Naples (Mem. R. Acad. Scienze di Napoli). Prof. Giglioli knows of no other recorded instance of the capture of a true whale in the Mediterranean.

A new method of preserving cartilaginous skeletons was described by Professor T. Jeffery Parker, in *Nature* for February 9. A great desideratum is thereby to some extent supplied, and the skeletons of sharks and rays as well as lampreys may be represented in museums by the side of those of the true osseous vertebrates. After the animal is eviscerated and the gills taken out and transferred to alcohol, it may be immersed in hot water, which enables the muscles, etc., to be easily removed, and the skeleton to be readily cleaned. The various parts of the skeleton are then placed in a fluid composed of glycerine (1 litre), water (1 litre), alum (20 grm.), and corrosive sublimate (10 grm.). The alum may be omitted if the skeleton be hardened with alcohol. After remaining in the fluid until thoroughly permeated—from two days to a week, according to size—the skeleton may be transferred to a 'jelly' formed of gelatine or gelatine glue (150 grm.), glycerine (1 litre), water (1 litre), and corrosive sublimate (10 grm.). The specimen is to be kept in this for three or four days and the jelly should be meanwhile kept at a heat just sufficient to melt it, in an earthenware vessel, over a water-bath. After the preparation is taken out it should be thoroughly dried and excluded from the dust. Finally it may be varnished in a warm room with two or three coats of a solution of white shellac in rectified spirits.

The Fine Arts

L'Art.

The art weekly edited by Eugène Véron is paying increased attention to decorative designs for title-pages and frames to the beginning of articles. Some are in the nature of vignettes that occupy the greater part of a folio page. John Watkins, of England, has been a favorite designer of such things for *L'Art*. Now comes Habert-Dys, a Frenchman. The peculiarity of Watkins is the French structure of his decorative frames and title-pages allied to a massiveness that may be called English. Habert-Dys, on the other hand, is peculiarly English in the style and subject of his frames. The first volume of the eighth year of *L'Art* opens with a decorative page that reminds one of Birket Foster or some other of the pastoral landscapists of England. It is full of green grass, waving boughs, and troops of sheep. At page 161, to frame the opening paragraphs of Philippe Burty's essay on Theodore Rousseau, Habert-Dys has another English scene with large moon in a cloudy sky, trees and cattle belly-deep in rich pasture. He is very versatile. At page 81 he uses a loggia and fanciful large panel below swathed with trailing plants, and mediæval towers in the distance. At page 21 the space for the first paragraph is a Japanese fan, and all about are Japanese suggestions taken from the imitable pattern books, once sold for a song in that fast vanishing feudal civilization. The painter, Alfred Stevens, appears to have been infected by John Watkins. He has designed for the drawing of the latter an *encadrement* (p. 205) which is very like the latter's work, but not so good in the main; superior, perhaps, in being less crammed with objects, superior, perhaps, in simplicity, it is nevertheless by no means a success. There is an air of effort and 'research' about many of these decorative panels and frames that ends by disconcerting the amiable reader. Too much Michael Angelo for things that do not demand sombre Titanic effects! Philippe Burty's essay on Rousseau has the fine quality of making

one wish to hear more. He passes off-hand judgment on the Life of Rousseau by Sensier with the adjective *fade*. Tasteless if it be, the volume is the only authority; and, instead of an essay, M. Burty might have given the world an exhaustive disquisition on the methods of Rousseau in landscape, with special relation to the difference and similarities between him and Constable, Ruysdal, Corot, Turner, Salvator Rosa—a fascinating theme on which no one is likely to write better than M. Burty. M. Ernest Chesneau has an interesting article on the frescoes by Delacroix in the chapel of the Holy Angels at Saint Sulpice. He acknowledges that Delacroix never was other than an artist's favorite, and that the public shows itself rebellious to his fame. Like Burty in regard to Rousseau, he deplores the absence from governmental ownership of many of the best works by Delacroix. David of Angers forms the grateful subject of several articles by L. De Ronchaud, but, on the whole, this volume of *L'Art* does not shine with special brilliancy.

The editor publishes, according to the orders of the Court of Appeal, the decision in the lawsuit between himself and a dozen engravers whom he attacked for slovenly work in an illustrated catalogue. Their excuse was that they were poorly paid for the work. Nevertheless, M. Véron had to pay 2400 francs, 26,000 being the damages claimed. He discusses the verdict and shows conclusively that his criticisms were just, and that the decision will form a bad precedent. (New York: Bouton.)

The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Your remarks on the management of the Metropolitan Museum are excellent, and express the feeling of nearly every one I have spoken with. The trustees are public servants, and as such are accountable not only to their own sense of honor and justice, but to the community. They sustained their officer loyally and fairly up to the time when they put forth as a test the examination of two suspected statues. Any one informed on these subjects knows that such an examination was worthless as a test of 'fraudulent patch-work,' and the question could not but occur to dispassionate minds as to whether the trustees made it in sincere good faith, or whether, knowing that power was theirs, they made a last attempt to shield a dishonest officer under a mask of false good-faith and fair-play.

The lumber-rooms and court-yards of museums in Europe are filled with fragments of 'unrelated parts,' out of which statues can be pieced or put together. It has been done in numberless instances so as to be imperceptible to the closest examination. The practice is now thought dishonorable, and injurious to art; attention is usually called to the fact in catalogues, and of late restored parts are frequently put in stone of another tint, so as to mark the restoration.

The public has a right to inquire into the management of the Museum, and to have its doubts set at rest. The real question is not as to the value of these special statues, but as to the value of the Museum as a teacher, and as to the good faith of its managers. It is a case which comes fairly, though not technically, under the head of Civil Service Reform, and as some of these gentlemen are interested in that movement, we say to them, with all courtesy, 'Physician, heal thyself.'

NEWPORT, June 5, 1882.

A. L. SEYMOUR.

Art Notes.

MR. RUSKIN has sold Meissonier's 'Napoleon' for £6000. He gave £1000 for it, but regarded it as an example of bad art.

M. Munkacsy is engaged on drawings for a painting of the 'Crucifixion,' which is to be as large as the 'Christ Before Pilate.'

M. Ulysse Butin's large etching from his 'L'Attente—Le Samédie à Villerville'—is the 'premium plate' of *L'Art* this year. It will be delivered with the next quarterly volume, about July 15.

Before sailing for Europe, Mr. W. M. Chase finished his portraits of Mr. W. M. Evarts and ex-President Hayes. The former is to hang in the State Department Building at Washington, the latter in the Harvard Memorial Hall.

The collection of coins, medals, etc., of the late Charles I. Bushnell, announced for sale by Messrs. Bangs & Co., June 20 and 21, is one of unusual value, many of the coins never having been offered at public sale before. Among the best known pieces are the famous 'Good Samaritan' shilling, valued at \$1000; the Lord Baltimore penny, for which Mr. Bushnell paid \$370; and the Ephraim Brasher doubloon, valued at \$1000.

The following-named Americans are represented at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, this year: G. H. Boughton, J. S. Sargent, Eugene Benson, W. J. Hennessy; at the Royal Academy only: F. A. Bridgman, Winslow Homer, Mrs. A. L. Merritt (portrait of Minister Lowell), Ernest Parton, and R. C. Woodville; at the Grosvenor: T. C. Farrer, Mark Fisher, J. McC. Hamilton, Julian and Waldo Story, J. McN. Whistler, and Mrs. H. B. Meux.

The Drama

PLAY-GOERS have now arrived at one of the halting-places in the dramatic desert, where their caravan stays to recruit its strength, to look back on the long reaches of sand which it has traversed, and forward on the long reaches of sand which lie before it. Very weary and troublesome the journey has thus far been. Predatory Arabs have made their raids; birds of prey have swooped down on the baggage-horses; and the courage of the travellers would have failed if a star had not shone in the East to draw them on. That star is shining still, shining with purer light because the surrounding mists have cleared away; and the watchers of the dramatic skies call it 'Esmeralda.'

But what shall be said of the prospect? The *Herald* names five plays which are to open the next season. They are all melodramas. At Wallack's Theatre there will be 'Taken from Life,' by Mr. Henry Pettitt; at the Union Square, 'The Black Flag,' by the same author; at Booth's, 'The Rommany Rye,' by Mr. George Sims; at Daly's, 'Mankind,' by Messrs. Paul Merritt and George Conquest; and at Messrs. Harrigan and Hart's theatre, 'The Blackbird,' by Mr. Harrigan and others.

If these plays were untried it would be hardly fair to comment upon their character. But, except 'The Blackbird' (which is said to be adapted from Lever, with waterfalls and other scenic wonders added by the ingenious authors), all have been put on the boards; all have been approved by a certain section of the public. It is the section of the public which delights in the lowest form of the drama. It is the section of the public which reads dime novels and the police gazettes. It is the section of the public which is doing its best to degrade the American stage to the level of the London music-hall.

We do not blame American managers for pandering to this class. Managers must live. What the audience demands the manager must supply or go into bankruptcy. Nobody would accuse Mr. Wallack, for example, of having low dramatic tastes. Those who only know him as an actor should take down from the shelf one of his plays—'The Veteran,' let us say. They will there find him to be a scholarly and well-informed man-of-the-world, rich in theatrical expedients, a master of theatrical effect; and they will look in vain among American dramatists for one who could write dialogue so neat, so terse, so epigrammatic as Mr. Wallack's. Mr. Wallack has obtained a high reputation for breeding and good taste; and Mr. Wallack makes a frank confession that he finds it pay to put 'Taken from Life' upon the stage.

'Taken from Life,' then, is as vulgar as 'The World' and as stupid as 'Youth.' It is the story of a certain Mr. Walter Lee, a struggling young artist, who is invited to the house of Mr. Denby, a country gentleman, and runs off with Mr. Denby's sister Kate, marries her, and has a child. Denby and the villain of the piece, Philip Radley, an adventurer, come to abduct the child. Mr. Maguire, a socialist, much given to the invention of infernal machines, comes to find Mr. Denby, whom he hates. Denby is knocked down by Walter Lee; Maguire kills him; Walter Lee is accused of the crime and is marched off to prison.

Now comes the *clou* of the piece. Our author, mind you, is a realist. His incidents, as he boasts in the title, are taken from life. He means to present only those things which have actually happened. He therefore puts into action the Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell. Mr. Walter Lee, being in duress, gets word from his wife that Maguire, the socialist, is going to apply his infernal machines to the prison-walls. In a short while the explosion takes place, the walls totter, and Lee escapes. He turns up in a stable, some years after, and finds that his son has grown to be a jockey. That famous racer, The Comet, is in training, and, being pursued by his enemies, Lee escapes on The Comet's back, and after several other adventures once more circumvents the villains and is restored to his wife.

This ignoble stuff, unrelieved by humor or fancy, is thought worthy to occupy the boards of the first theatre in America. Nor are the other plays one whit better. 'Mankind' was produced in London at the Grecian Theatre, which corresponds to the Windsor Theatre in New York. 'The Black Flag' being found unpalatable by Philadelphia is thought good enough for the house which first gave to American playgoers that admirable melodrama, 'The Two Orphans.' 'The Rommany Rye' is by a writer who has some skill with his pen but who has prostituted it to the base uses of sensational plays. Of 'The Blackbird' alone is there any hope, for Messrs. Harrigan and Hart have happily not yet learned that a play can be made to succeed by incident independently of character and dialogue. But is it not a satire on the present state of the stage that Mr. Wallack should have to learn the dramatic proprieties from Messrs. Harrigan and Hart?

What is the remedy? Mr. Wallack would contend that there is none, the audience having lost its taste for better work. But the success of the Madison Square Theatre seems to prove that Mr. Wallack is wrong. There is still a host of people who delight in

polite comedy and in well-written domestic drama. 'Hazel Kirke,' 'The Professor,' and 'Esmeralda' are not, perhaps, models of stage-writing; but their tone is healthy, their style refined. And we believe that a theatre specially subsidized for even higher work would speedily push to the wall those which chose to present such melodramas as 'Taken from Life.'

It has long been a reproach to our stage that no attempt has been made to endow theatre of this kind. Every continental city of any consequence is content to allot a certain annual sum to maintain the tone of the theatre. In Italy the town of Florence gives \$10,000 a year to the Pergola; Palermo \$25,000 to the Bellini; Milan \$35,000 to the Scala; Rome \$5000 to the Apollo; and Naples \$60,000 to the San Carlo. Brussels pays \$20,000 annually to the Théâtre de la Monnaie; Stockholm \$30,000 to the Royal Theatre; and of the German towns which subsidize a leading house, Carlsruhe and Weimar give \$50,000, Dresden \$80,000, Stuttgart \$125,000, and Berlin \$140,000. In France, Marseilles pays \$45,000, Bordeaux \$46,000, Lyons \$50,000, and Paris, of course, leads the list with a sum of \$300,000.

These figures are instructive. In each of the towns where a subsidy is paid, a high dramatic standard is maintained. If a vulgar melodrama should be presented at one of their leading theatres, it would be resented as an insult by the entire audience. And, with careful management, it is generally found that the subsidized theatres are very remunerative to their directors. When M. Perrin came to the Théâtre Français, he found it on the verge of bankruptcy. He went to work to bring the repertory up with the times, to attract the best writers in France, to engage actors of eminent ability and actresses not without good looks; and the consequence of his policy was that, ten years after he took the management, M. Got was drawing as his share of the profits an annual sum of \$14,000; M. Coquelin \$13,500; M. Delaunay \$13,500; MM. Febvre, Thiron, Worms and Maubane \$12,000 each. Of the actresses, Mesdames Madeleine Brohan, Favart, and Jouassain drew \$12,000 each, and Mlle. Croizette \$11,000. These sums may not seem excessive to American players, but they are unusually high in France. And these results M. Perrin has accomplished without lowering for an instant the tone of his theatre.

The managers of the Madison Square Theatre are the only managers in New York who appreciate their significance. Mr. Wallack laughs at them. 'Video meliora, proboque,' he says, with a reminiscence of his old Latinity: 'Deteriora sequor.'

Music

Madame Materna's Farewell.

ON the eve of her departure for Europe, Mme. Materna appeared in a farewell concert at the Academy of Music. For the first time in this city she was heard under favorable circumstances. Whatever faults may have been discovered in her recent performances in the vast armory at Sixty-seventh St., she gave ample proof last Friday of her right to stand among the chief dramatic prima-donnas now living. It is certain that since Tietjens appeared here, in the zenith of her power, no such dramatic singer has been heard in this country. Mme. Materna's first number was a scene and aria from Wagner's first opera, 'Rienzi.' This she rendered with admirable pathos and impressive breadth of voice and expression. She evidently wished to show the versatility of her talent when she gave, after this highly tragic scene, a pretty little love-song by Wilhelm Gerike, of Vienna, 'Meine Boten,' which she sang with charming simplicity and feeling. To hear the terrible Brunhilde ask the flowers and birds to greet and kiss her sweetheart was certainly a delightful surprise. But the crowning triumph of her performance was the great opening scene of the second act of 'Tannhäuser,' where Elizabeth, knowing of the return of her minstrel, enters, for the first time since his departure, the hall where, years before, she listened to his strains. Mme. Materna gave to the scene a character of passionate joy and exaltation. —Having spoken of Mme. Materna, very little remains to be said about the rest of the performance. Mr. Candidus has a pleasant tenor voice of the second order, but is very cold and unsympathetic in his manner of delivery. Mme. Constance Howard plays about as well as several hundred amateurs in this city. The orchestra, under Mr. Neuendorff, was an ill-balanced combination of well-known New York instrumentalists, which, for want of sufficient rehearsing or for some other reason, spoiled almost every number it performed.

Musical Notes.

THE performance for the benefit of the family of the late George Conly, which was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon last, was one of the most satisfactory entertainments of the kind ever given in this city. The net profit was about \$1800, the expenses \$700. The subscriptions raised by Miss Kellogg and Miss Abbott have already reached a goodly sum. The former has collected upwards of \$1300; the latter a similar amount.

The *Athenaeum* mentions as 'a curious fact, perhaps illustrative of popular taste in America, that the name of Mendelssohn does not once appear in any of the programmes' of the late Thomas festival.

The analytical notes on Beethoven's Fifth and Sixth Symphonies have been followed by a similar study of the Seventh, by George Grove, published by Geo. H. Ellis, of Boston. The little brochure will be found interesting and can be recommended to amateurs.

A new and revised edition of 'Carmina Princetonia' is just ready from the press of Martin R. Dennis & Co., Newark, N. J. The edition is issued under the editorial supervision of D. L. Elmendorf, C. W. Parker, and E. H. Ernst, members of the College and Glee Club. A number of new and popular college songs have been added since 1879.

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From a private letter from Rome we learn that the Abbé Liszt is interested in the proposed Wood College of Music, in this city, and believes that its managers would gain much useful information from a perusal of the brochure written by Richard Wagner to aid in the foundation of a music-school at Munich. This brochure is to be found in Wagner's 'Gesammelte Schriften.'

At the recent annual meeting of the New York Symphony Society, the following officers were elected: John D. Prince, President; Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Vice-President; Charles F. Roper, Secretary; Frank E. Draper, Treasurer; S. M. Knevals, Librarian. Six concerts and six public rehearsals will be given next season in the Academy of Music. The orchestra, we understand, is to be considerably enlarged.

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